DARK HORSE COMICS

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#28

THE GOON™

by Eric Powell

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The nameless man, the zombie priest, had come to town to build a gang from the undead. But even the undead fear...

THE GOON™

by Eric Powell

colors by Dave Stewart

editor **Scott Allie** associate editor **Sierra Hahn**

designer **Amy Arendts** publisher **Mike Richardson**

Zombies provided by **Jethro and Earl Zombie Wranglerin' Inc.**
and **The Adopt-A-Zombie Foundation**

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WHAT SAYS HE?

HE SAYS THE MOTHER HAS BEEN MOVED. HIDDEN. HE KNOWS NOT WHERE.

DAMN!

HE'S ONTO US.

TELL HIM IT'S TIME TO GET OUT. TELL HIM I'LL BE WAITING FOR HIM IN THE CEMETERY. TELL HIM TO HAVE HIS FAMILIAR LEAD HIM THERE.

HE WILL NOT WANT TO.

HE'S GOT NO CHOICE. IT COMES FROM MY LIPS.

MEANWHILE...

NORTON'S PUB

HEY! RUGBURN! I HEAR YOU BEEN RUNNIN' RACKETS AND PAYIN' LABRAZIO TRIBUTE!

I DON'T KNOW NOTHIN' ABOUT NO LABRAZIO!

WE'LL SEE WHAT YOU KNOW!

WAAAAH!

NOW THAT'S A BEATIN'. YOU KNOW YOU BEEN BEAT PROPER WHEN YOUR ARM IS STICKIN' OUT AT AN ANGLE LIKE THAT.

[illegible]

I SEE CHARLIE MUDD IS BACK ON HIS FEET.

YEAH, BUT HE AIN'T BEEN RIGHT IN THE HEAD SINCE HIS BROTHER GOT AN AX PLANTED IN HIS.

SOMETIME LATER...

BILL? IS 'AT YOU?

I GOTS YA, BILL!

CHARLEY, I IS STUCK IN THE DIRT!

YA OUGHT NOT GO DIGGIN' 'ROUND IN MUD BANKS, BILL. GETTIN' ALL STUCK IN THE DIRT LIKE 'AT! AN' YER COVERED IN ANTS, BILL!

A LITTLE LATER THAN THAT...

HEY! YOU! FISH FACE! I HEAR YOU BEEN SHAKIN' DOWN THAT OLD ASIAN GROCER FOR LABRAZIO!

I'LL SHAKE YOU!

I AIN'T BEEN SHAKIN' NOTHIN'!

A LITTLE LATER STILL...

NOW WHEN SOMEBODY DOES THAT TO A BABY IT'S CALLED THE SHAKEN-BABY SYNDROME. YA KNOW, WHEN THE HEAD GOES FLOPPIN' BACK AND FORTH ALL SILLY LIKE A RAG DOLL. BUT WHAT DO THEY CALL IT WHEN IT'S A GROWN MAN?

WHIPLASH.

OH, YEAH.

BUT WHY IS IT A SYNDROME WHEN IT'S A BABY? IF IT WERE UP TO ME I'D CALL IT FLOPPY NECK AND BE DONE WITH IT. "BABIES THAT GET SLAPPED AROUND AND TWO-BIT HOODS THAT SHAKE DOWN ASIAN GROCERS ARE BOUND TO GET A BAD CASE OF FLOPPY NECK" SOUNDS GOOD TO ME.

YES, BILL, I ALSO WOULD ENJOY SOME CANNED BEANS TONIGHT.

WHAT'S UP WITH HIM?

NO, I DIDN'T THINK HIS BUTT WAS THAT LARGE. NOT LARGE ENOUGH TO CRUSH A CANNED HAM, BUT I WAS PROVEN WRONG.

YEAH, HE, UH, BROUGHT IN THAT STUMP AND HAS BEEN CALLING IT BILL.

YES, THAT IS VERY OBSERVANT OF YOU, BILL, SMASHING A CANNED HAM WITH YOUR BOTTOM IS A USELESS TALENT. BUT I SEE NO NEED TO WANT TO MURDER THE FELLA IN HIS SLEEP WITH A HAMMER.

OH, ALL RIGHT.

SPEAKING OF THE NUT BAG OVER THERE, I GOT WORD FROM CHARLIE NOODLES THAT JOEY THE BALL'S OUTFIT HAS HOOKED UP WITH LABRAZIO.

BALL'S GOT A COUPLE OF SLACKJAWS WORKIN' FOR HIM NOW. COUPLE OF TALKERS NAMED MARTIN AND SAMMY. WORD IS IT WAS THEM THAT HIT THE MUDDS.

RAHH!

NOW CALM YOURSELF, BILL. I'M SURE WE CAN RESOLVE THIS WITHOUT TOO MUCH BLOODSHED.

I WOULDN'T WORRY ABOUT THE BALL, FRANKY.

YOU BOYS!

I GOT SOMETHIN' I GOTTA SHOW YA.

THE PRIEST!

YOU SHOULDN'TA, BUZZARD. IT AIN'T EVEN MY BIRTHDAY.

YOU WANNA FLOPPY-NECK HIM TO DEATH OR BORROW MY GUN?

WE CAN'T KILL HIM.

HE MAY BE OUR ONLY HOPE OF DESTROYING LABRAZIO.

THIS THING BELONGS TO A RACE OF DEMON WITCHES. THIS ONE WAS SHAMED WHEN HE TRIED TO STEAL THE CHILD OF A ROYAL FAMILY AND THE MOTHER DISCOVERED HIS NAME.

SEE, THESE THINGS FALL UNDER THE CONTROL OF A MORTAL IF THAT MORTAL LEARNS ITS SECRET NAME. AND IT JUST SO HAPPENS A DAMNED SOUL TOLD ME HIS.

NOW YOU TELL THEM, YOU STINKIN' LITTLE SWINE! YOU TELL THEM EVERYTHING!

MEANWHILE AFTER SOMETIME A LITTLE BIT LATER...

SEE, IT'S LIKE I WAS TELLIN' YOU BOYS... THE BALL HAS PANACHE!

RIGHT, BOSS!

YOU SURE DO!

LABRAZIO WANTS ME TO JUST WHACK A GUY. BLAM. BLAM. THAT'S IT. BUT WHEN THE BALL OFFS SOMEBODY HE DOES IT WITH STYLE. SURPRISE AX TO THE HEAD... ALL MY IDEA. HE NEVER SEEN IT COMIN'!

AX TO THE FACE ALWAYS MAKES AN IMPRESSION ON YOUR ENEMIES.

MR. BALL.

MY BROTHER BILL WOULD LIKE TO HAVE A WORD WITH YOU.

SMASH!

YOU FELLAS OUGHTN'T'VE MADE BILL ANGRY!

AND THEN SOMETIME AFTER THAT BUT NOT TOO MUCH LATER THAN A LITTLE LATER STILL...

HOW LONG DO YOU THINK IT'LL TAKE?

I DON'T KNOW. BUT THERE IS NO TIME TO WASTE. WE HAVE TO ACT BEFORE THE OTHERS COME.

WHY DON'T I LIKE THE FACT THAT OUR WHOLE PLAN RELIES ON HIM?

WE GOT NO CHOICE.

WELL, GOOD LUCK. I CAN MANAGE THINGS HERE WHILE YOU'RE GONE.

I KNOW YOU CAN.

YOU FILTHY PEOPLE, USING MY MASTER AS A BLOODHOUND! MY POOR MASTER IS NO BLOODHOUND!

SHATTUP, YOU STUPID CAT!

NOW HOLD STILL, EMMA! I GOTTA GET THIS LIPSTICK STRAIGHT! DON'T YOU WANT TO LOOK NICE FOR THE GENTLEMAN CALLERS?!

HEE-HAW!

NOW, EMMA, DON'T MAKE ME SHOW YOU HOW STRONG MY PIMP HAND IS!

HEY, CLOYD! I HEAR YOU BEEN HARLOTING THAT MULE ALL OVER TOWN AND PAYIN' LABRAZIO TRIBUTE!

THAT'S A DAMN LIE! WHAT BABY MAKES COMES HOME TO DADDY AND DADDY DON'T SHARE!

POW!

NOT IN THE FACE, GOON! SHE'LL NEVER BE AN EARNER AGAIN!

THEN SOMETIME AFTER WHAT ALL JUST WENT ON BEFOREHAND...

WHERE DID YOU HEAR ABOUT ALL THESE GUYS SELLIN' OUT TO LABRAZIO?

I DIDN'T HEAR NOTHIN'.

JUST MAKIN' SURE THESE PUTZES DON'T GET ANY IDEAS.

AND THEN THE FOLLOWING WHAT FOLLOWED THE BEFOREHAND...

MULE LOVE
~~50%~~
75% OFF!

I HATE YOU, EMMA.

I SAW A CHIMP IN A DRESS ONCE. THAT CHIMP'S NAME WAS HERSCHEL.

YOU MAY HAVE TO OBEY THAT AWFUL BUZZARD PERSON, MASTER, BUT CAT DOESN'T!

CONTINUED

The date is July the 8th as I write this and I am still recovering from my 4th of July party. Kids, sometimes bonfires, slip 'n slides, fire breathing, kiddy pools, a bug sprayer full of whiskey sour, Rollergirls dancing in the rain, and an exploding Chevy Nova don't mix . . . THAT'S A LIE! THEY ALWAYS MIX AND THEY ARE ALWAYS AMAZING!

Hey Eric,

We have a young man at our store named Karson Meckeler who has become a huge Goon Fan! He drew this picture, so I wanted to share it with you.

Hope things are going well for you.

Thanks,
Stacy Korn
Comic Fusion
www.ComicFusion.com

Thanks for sharing the drawing, Stacy. BUT YOU TELL THAT LITTLE PUNK THAT'S COPYRIGHT INFRINGEMENT AND I WILL SUE HIS ASS! I'm just kidding, Karson. Thanks for the drawing!

My name is Randall I like to have that burnt up mower. Call 615-***-****.

Well, I suppose you can have it if you want to haul it off for me. And by the way, after my 4th of July party, I got a burnt up Nova you can have, too.

Hey Eric, glad you're "overwhelmed with excitement" and "feel privileged" to have gotten your first tattoo from me. The thank-you e-mails can stop now—it's been six months, geez! I get it: you're "sooooo happy," and "Jason, you've given me loads of confidence, the Goon forthwith is dedicated to you," and "Now I'm much cooler then all those douchebags at Dark Ho" . . . uh . . . anyway, you're welcome.

Here's a little strip my wife and I whipped up. S'no big deal, just thought you might want to get a look at what lightning in a bottle looks like. Enjoy!

Seriously though, quit with thank-you letters, cards, bottles of Jim Beam, flowers. I get it! You're friggin' welcome!

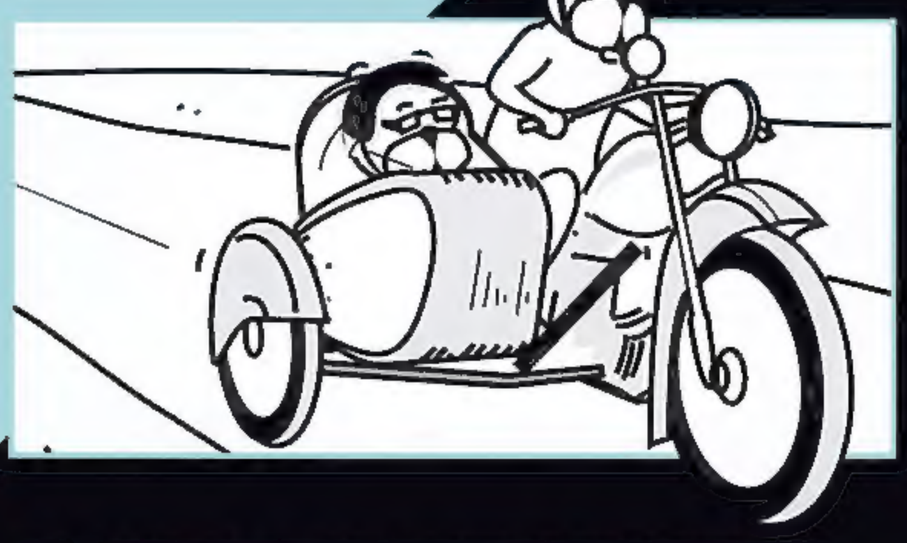
Jason Masarik

NEXT ISSUE ON SALE OCTOBER 8!

DISCOVER DARK HORSE POWER

OCTOBER 2008

SEPTEMBER 2008



A STRANGE THING HAPPENED THE OTHER DAY . . . I was sitting in front of my computer, minding my own business, reading webcomics. I had a smile on my face and a bounce in my knee. All was right with the world. Suddenly, out of nowhere, three old men burst into my office. "What in tarnation are you doin'!" bellowed the one that looked like an old-timey prospector.

"Look at him! Wasting his time on that television-typewriter! He's just a procrastinator!" growled the old-age pensioner in a fishing cap. "In my day we didn't have time for e-lec-tronic, tube-delivered tomfoolery such as this! When we had work to do we did it! We didn't fart around on the internets readin' comical strips!" spit the third angry grandpa as he poked me with his cane.

"What's your problem?" I shot back. "How'd you get in my office?!"

"You're wasting your time with those webcomics, young feller. They ain't nothing but useless distraction, keeping you from being a productive member of society," said old-time prospector. "You don't know what you're talking about," I responded.

"Why I'll teach you some respect—" mumbled angry grandpa as he swung his cane at my head. I ducked as the old man in the fishing cap caught the cane just before it connected. "Well, how 'bout you explain it to us, sonny?" fishing cap said in a mocking tone.

"All right," I said, sitting up again. "I will." A few clicks of the mouse later I was at achewood.com. "Look here . . . This is the *Great Outdoor Fight* story arc on achewood.com." "Those look like *kitties!*" angry grandpa giggled.

"That's because they are," I said. "But don't let that fool you. Chris Onstad's story of three days, three acres, and three thousand men will teach you about the true meaning of friendship. Not to mention that *Achewood* was named time.com's top graphic novel of 2007."

"Okay, whipper-snapper, but that's only one! What else ya got?" questioned old-time prospector. "How about this one here," I said, clicking the link to slowwave.com. "This is a strip by Jesse Reklaw where he translates people's dreams into four panels of comics goodness!"

"There ain't nothing interesting about hearing other people's dreams!" admonished angry cane grandpa, smacking me upside the head. "Now hold on there a minute," old-time prospector interjected. "I find the study of the human subconscious through the interpretation of REM sleep to be a right fascinating subject!"

"Yeah, what he said," I replied, rubbing the welt on my scalp. "And there's also David Malki's *Wondermark*, Mitch Clem's *Nothing Nice to Say*, Scott Meyer's *Basic Instructions*, not to mention Nicholas Gurewitch's *Perry Bible Fellowship*. They're all just plain hilarious!" "I do like me a laugh now and again," cane grandpa whispered.

Then the three men became silent and a sadness washed over them. "What's wrong?" I questioned.

"We don't know how to use the Internet . . ." fishing cap said with a quiver in his voice.

"NO PROBLEM!" I shouted, almost killing angry cane grandpa. "Dark Horse has all these webcomics in good old-fashioned book form!" I got up and took copies of *Achewood: The Great Outdoor Fight*, *The Night of Your Life: A Slow Wave Collection*, and *The Perry Bible Fellowship Almanack* off my bookshelf and handed them to the elderly gentlemen. "Take these and enjoy them," I said showing them gently out of my office.

"How can we thank you?" said fishing cap as the three looked at me apologetically.

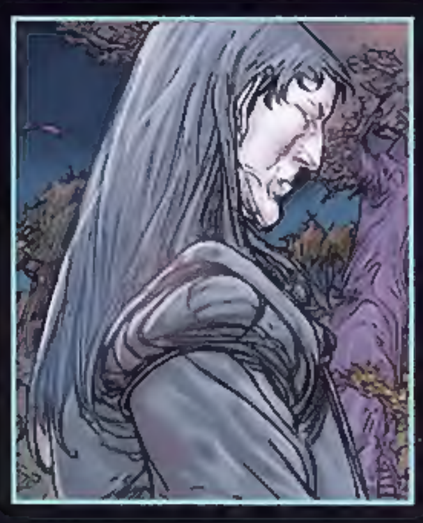
"Just don't be so quick to judge next time," I said with a smile. The three men then turned and walked away.

I smiled to myself as I closed my office door, locked it, and went back to wasting my time reading webcomics on the internet.

Dave Land

Editor

DARK HORSE HEROES



Solomon Kane relaxes by taking lengthy walks in the woods. Alone. (He has no friends. It's sad.) When pressed for info on his ideal death, Kane believes there are misconceptions about how he'd like to go out—some might say in battle, but he says at peace. (Dirty hippie.)

Dark Horse employee **Matt Dryer** celebrates six years with the company! Yay, Matt! A lover of the comics medium, he enjoys the "delicate balance of the art and the writing." He is also a fan of scrambled eggs—preferably partnered with some bacon. Mmm . . . bacon . . .

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THE GOON Volume 8:
THOSE THAT IS DAMNED

ON SALE
JULY 15, 2009

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